
Title: The Insanity of Crowley

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It was a week ago that
I have come back to
the arms of my guild.
For my thoughts, are
at a lost. My anger,
stirs within my
veins. For this story
shall speak of the
truth of the late
Visorick Crowley, and
now his state he is
within as of now.

Within this fourth
month of thi yea.

I had been doing my
daily chores with
visorick. Though we
had been close before
in this life. He had
now become somewhat
seperated from I. As
we worked he speaked
not much to me as he
use to. I grabbed the
courage and asked him
how he had been
doing? He looked at
me, and said he was
okay. This was a
start. I then tried to
strike a conversation,
yet it did not follow
through as he ended
this conversation
quickly. How I ask
myself what has
become of our
family?

Today I worked by

myself within the
great keep. I have not
heard of crowley for
a long while. As
something gone
wrong I asked my
self. Yet i shrugged it
off as I know he is a
grown man, and can
take care of himself.

This day was of great
fear for Visorick.
Tonight as I hung
around the old tavern
of our land. It was a
a nice and quiet place.
There I sat all alone. I
looked to see who all
was within this
tavern. There I saw
him. One of the good
friends of Visorick. I
saw him flurting
with the local
females. I wondered
if i could talk to him.
I got up, and went to
christoff, and
introduced myself.
He looked at me, and
asked me if he knew
me. I smiled, no, but
you know of Visorick
right? He said yeah.
To shorten the
conversation

I had learned of these
things.

1) Visorick was now
doing research into old
abandon buildings.
History, and tales of
the building.
2) Visorick was also
doing some research
into a rare race which
he said would answer
the questions in
which he has.

3) Visorick also
traveled to these

particular lands in
hopes to find some of
the old abandon
buildings to see if
there was anything
truth to the history or
rumors.

Christoff did noyt
know why he did
this, but he distance
himself from all of
his people, and his
friends.

Today as i came to
work, I saw him
sitting outside in the
humid night. I walked
to him and tried to talk
to him. Yet he spoke
not to me at all. For I
fear He come to find
the truth. The truth
of what I do not know
of.

For I came to
Visoricks work area.
There maps of the
sort were scattered
about. Visorick
marked down on the
maps of his travels
to these buildings.
I wondered what could
be so interesting in
falling buildings?
I have decided to stay
at his place to find out
of his actions.

Visorick has not come
back yet. I have taken
the liberty to grab
some of these old
maps, to find out what
has gotten the attention
of Visorick.

The buildings are
falling apart. I have
searched around not to
find to much of

anything to give me
clues to what answer
the reasoning of
Visoricks acrtions.

This day, I came to the
abandon building to see
visorick standing
there. I stood there
and watched him for a
minute. He saw me,
and did not say a word
or wave. He just
recalled out of the
area. I walked inside,
and looked within to
see anything of
interest. Yet I found
nothing to my
knowlegde of interest.

Its odd to know that
visorick has not
openly told anyone of
what he is doing. I
wondered if this is a
danger that just
pertains to himself or
to everyone. How I
wonder.

I went back to
residence. There on
his desk are more
maps. I looked at them
to recognize the area.
It was the Maze with
the house in the
middle of it. I shall go
there this very night
and wait to see
visorick, and to ask
him of why, and what
is it he tries to find.

For this dat, I shall
never forget. I awoke
from my slumber,
and walked the land.
There i saw the house
insight. I wondered if
it was true to the
words of the ancient.
I have heard of stories

of evil mages residing
in here. Though i
wonder if it be true.
I walked to the house
come to find no
Visorick. I walked
through the house to
end up at the top of
the tower. As I
appeared at the top of
the tower. There
Visorick was on the
ground shaking
tremdously. I ran over
to him, and asked him
what was wrong. He
spoke, but It when he
spoke, it was babble.
I tried talking to him to
calm him down, and
yet that did not work.
He started to cry, and
say the word why
over and over again.
I tried calming him
down again, but it did
not work at all. he
just looked at me, and
he said. " For is there
not good in this damn
world? Is there not
anything of good
nature. How I was
betrayted. How I have
followed the path of
destruction, and hate
without i knowing it.
How could this be. I
shall Not believe it. I
shall not. For the love
of god I shall not. He
thenstarted to cry. I
sighed at that, and
asked him what he
meant. He only cried
harder. I held him not
caring if he wanted to
be held or not. After a
couple of minutes he
had stopped crying.
He asked me to leave
him alone. that he
needed to be left
alone. I asked him
why, and he replied to
leave him alone in a
harsh tone. I yelled
back at him. A look of

anger came over his face. I stood there in shock not sure what he was to do. He muttered some words, and vanished. I stood there not sure what to think.

I went back to the tavern today to find that all of visoricks stuff is now gone. I wonder if what has happened will be in the same fate as I? I stayed there for a day or two to find that he had not come back to his tavern. I guess that this is his way of saying goodbye.